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TEN CENTS A WEEK

JAPS WILL PRESS FIGHT TO HARBIN

Determined to Push Forward to the Russian Stronghold.

GEN. LINEVITCH CAN'T ESCAPE

Recent Victories Have Spurred the Japs to Greater Exertions—In Rear of Russians and Hanging on With Their Usual Bull-Dog Tenacity.

Paris, March 18.—The Japanese legation has issued an official dispatch from Tokio today, as follows: "Our detachment on the right bank of the Liao routed eight Russian squadrons with artillery which were occupying the heights north of Tieling on Thursday."

London, March 18.—The fighting in Manchuria continues, with the Russians under Linevitch trying to reach Harbin. The Japanese are hanging on their flanks and rear, trying to get between the Russians and their objective point. The retreat has, according to both Japanese and Russian accounts, become a struggle for the Russians to hold together the remnants of Kuropatkin's army and get to Harbin, where there are fresh troops.

Tokio, March 18.—A report to the War Department from Oyama says the Japanese right army under Kuriko, is proceeding rapidly along the Kirin Road, above Tie Ling. It is supposed the object of the movement is in conjunction with a similar flanking operation of Oku's army on the west and has taken a position in the rear of the Russian remnant retreating towards Harbin, and will isolate it. Oyama mentions large quantities of stores and prisoners taken by the right wing and says the railway station at Tie Ling was constructed by the Russians upon a scale as extensive as that at Liao Yang.

JAPANESE NEW YEAR'S.

A Day of Religious Rites and Specially Prepared Dishes.

To a devout Japanese breakfast on New Year's day is a religious rite rather than a vulgar satisfaction of the appetite, says the London Chronicle. No ordinary dishes are consumed at this meal. The tea must be made with water drawn from the well when the first ray of sun strikes it, a potpourri of materials specified by law forms the staple dish, while at the finish a measure of special sake from a red lacquer cup must be drained by whosoever desires happiness during the coming year.

In the room is placed an "eiyasan stand," or red lacquer tray, covered with evergreen leaves and bearing a rich dumpling, a lobster, oranges, persimmons, chestnuts, dried sardines and herring roe. All these dishes have a special significance. The names of some are homonymous with words of happy omen; the others have an allegorical meaning. The lobster's curved back and long claws typify life prolonged till the frame is bent and the beard is long; the sardines, which always swim in pairs, express conjugal bliss; the herring is symbolical of a fruitful progeny.

These dishes are not intended for consumption, although in most cases the appetite is fairly keen. The orthodox Japanese not only sees the old year out; he rises at 4 to welcome the newcomer, and performs many ceremonies before he breaks his fast.

Prejudice.

The word "prejudice" comes from two Latin words, "pro" or "pre," beforehand, and "judicio," I judge. Therefore "prejudice" means the forming of an opinion beforehand or before knowledge. To form an opinion or declare a judgment concerning any subject without or ignoring knowledge is "prejudice." An opinion formed after a life-long acquaintance and experience and after thorough investigation and study may be erroneous, but cannot properly be styled "prejudice." When the teaching and experiences of the world are disregarded, when the facts of history and science are ignored or denied, the conclusions or opinions thus arrived at must not only be mistaken, but they must be the result of prejudice.

COOKING IN QUEER PLACES.

Meals Partaken of in Midair and Dinners Eaten Under Water.

One of Blondin's most applauded feats was making an omelet while balancing on his rope at a dizzy height. When crossing Niagara he performed this culinary exploit, which he subsequently repeated in England in many strange situations, not the least being above the Thames, which he crossed more than once.

The summit of Salisbury's spire was used as a kitchen in 1655, when a plumber named Handley, having surmounted its height of 400 feet, proceeded with the utmost nonchalance to cook an ample repast, consisting of a shoulder of mutton and a couple of fowls. Again, in 1762, when the same spire stood in need of repair James Grist, to whom the job was entrusted, cooked and ate a dish of beans and bacon, to the astonishment of the crowd collected below.

On one occasion five adventurous spirits, under the leadership of a certain Pierre Roubaud, taking with them cooking utensils, scaled the spire of Bayeux cathedral. On reaching the gigantic gilded statue of St. Michael, which then stood on the summit, they proceeded to cook their dinner, which they ate with great gusto, much to the amazement of the onlookers, whose health they drank at the conclusion of the feast.

In the tower of Erfurt cathedral hangs a huge bell ten feet high and thirty feet in circumference, weighing thirteen tons. Within this in July, 1713, dined ten of the town's most opulent burghers on dishes cooked in a kitchen temporarily erected on the beam that supported the ponderous mass of tintinnabulatory metal. To celebrate this repast medals were struck, having on the obverse the portraits of the guests and on the reverse the representation of the curious scene.

A diving bell was some years since utilized as a kitchen to supply a repast for half a dozen convalesces who, for a wager, had undertaken to cook and eat a dinner of half a dozen courses beneath the water. This entertainment, which took place at Naples, was held in emulation of a somewhat similar achievement by six gentlemen who had used a diving bell for partaking of a meal cooked on board a barge moored near at hand.

In 1766 one James Austin laid a wager of £100 that he would cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames, near Rotherhithe. The bet was readily accepted, and many people flocked to the appointed locale to watch this strange exhibition of the culinary art. Inclosed in a tin pan in the center of a sack of lime, the pudding was lowered beneath the water, where for two hours and a half it remained. It was then taken up and partaken of by a committee, who declared that Austin had won his wager, the pudding being, if anything, overdone.—London Tit-Bits.

Cronje's Surrender.

The capitulation of Cronje and his 4,000 men on the anniversary of Majuba day, 1900, will be remembered as long as any incident of the Boer war. An onslaught made by the Canadians, who had intrenched themselves eighty yards from the Boer position in the river bed at Paardeburg, was greeted not by a storm of musketry, as had been expected, but by the appearance of three white flags hastily thrust above the parapet of the Boer trenches. Then a horseman appeared, carrying another white flag and intent on arranging a meeting between the generals. Forth from the laager came presently two men, one mounted on a white pony, in his hand a sjambok, wearing a brown felt hat and a huge overcoat, nothing of his face visible but a thick coat of hair and two glowing sparks for eyes. This was Cronje, who had kept the British army at bay for ten days with no better shelter than could be afforded him by a deep river bed. "I am glad to meet so brave a man," said Lord Roberts, but he refused to accept anything short of unconditional surrender. Cronje's reply to the terms of the capitulation was short, but effective, "Ja," he blurted out.—London Globe.

Can Always Tell.

"There goes a total failure."
"How do you know he is?"
"He's always sneering at other men's success."—Cleveland Leader.

He Knows Too.

Mockly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst, Doctor. But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Mockly—It wouldn't dare!

PHILIPPINE POLICY AT LAST ANNOUNCED

Secretary Taft Has Made Public Text of Letter to Blair.

RETENTION TO BE INDEFINITE

The Future of the Islands is Yet Unknown—The Policy Rests Largely With the People—Favors Self-Government When Deemed Capable.

Washington, March 17.—In order to allay any misapprehension relative to the policy of the administration with respect to the future of the Philippines, Secretary Taft yesterday made public the text of a letter which he wrote to John G. Blair of New York, bearing directly on that subject. The secretary's letter says:

"The policy of the administration is the indefinite retention of the Philippines, for the purpose of developing the prosperity and the self-governing capacity of the Filipino people. The policy rests on the conviction that the people are not now capable of self-government, and will not be for a long period of time, certainly not for a generation, and probably not for a longer time than that, and that until they are ready for self-government it would be a violation of trust for the United States to abandon the islands. The question as to the future, however, is one wholly of conjecture. Should they demand self-government, when capable, I should be in favor of giving it to them."

STRENGTIOUS BALZAC.

He Lived in a Penury of Toil and Died Pleading For More Time.

"To be celebrated and to be loved"—these were Balzac's two supreme and passionate desires," writes T. H. Hopkins, the English author. "He gave the preference to fame and killed himself with work if ever author did. His books—each one of which, when he had settled down to the 'Comedie Humaine,' he proclaimed a masterpiece—were a veritable obsession. We know now with what ceaseless and almost insane toil he brought them forth and can see him wrapped in the monk's robe of white flannel, the big throat laid bare, veins swollen, the great black eyes staring, agonizing over plot and scene, supplanting and cursing the phrase that would not come, sustaining this through the days and nights of three dreadful weeks at a stretch in the sealed and curtained chamber where the candles were never extinguished. Then, livid, unswathed and half clothed, he would drag himself to the printer's. Thus only in a nation of stylists could the man that never achieved a style make himself the first novelist of his day and a classic.

"Wearing and wasting as this travail was, Balzac's splendid strength of body, the sure and ready return of his inspired and deer-like periods, his quenchless belief in himself and untold faith in the future enabled him to continue it, with a minimum of repose, for thirty-one successive years. And what a bulk of work! From 1821 to 1824 he wrote thirty volumes, and in 1824 he was but twenty-five years of age and had not even begun to think of the 'Comedie Humaine.'

"Between 1829 and 1842 seventy-nine novels of the 'Comedie' saw the light, and with all this the great work was never completed. On his deathbed he pleaded with his doctor for six months, six weeks, six days in which to consummate his task and sank into coma while pleading for six hours."

Funeral Garlands.

A custom prevailed and continued even down to recent years of ranking funeral parlors on the death of young unmarried women of undoubted character. These garlands were made sometimes of metal and sometimes of natural flowers or evergreens and commonly having a white glove in the center on which were inscribed the name and initials and age of the deceased. This garland was held up or carried before the coffin during its passage to the grave and afterward frequently hung up in the church, generally being suspended from the roof. It was usual in the parlors to place a crown of flowers on the heads of deceased virgins.—Western Mail Gazette.

DUCKS IN CHINA.

The Way They Are Raised and How They Are Got to Market.

What would an American duck farmer think of swimming his flock to market? That is the regular method employed by the poultrymen who live along the great waterways of China. The Chinese are very fond of duck. Nearly every farmer keeps a few for his own use, but along the rivers raising them for market is a profitable business.

In American ducks raised for market have very little water in which to swim and play. The poultrymen do not think it is good for them to have much exercise. It hardens their muscles and makes their flesh tough and not so good to eat.

So instead of swimming all day in ponds or lakes or streams the ducks are kept shut up in small pens, where they have no room to waddle about and can only stand still and eat and grow fat. Then, when they are in prime condition, they are killed and dressed and shipped to market in barrels, and their feathers make an additional source of income to the poultryman.

The Chinaman, however, is quite content to let his ducks have as much exercise as they like, and they get a great deal hunting for their food, of which they receive only small supplies from the poultryman.

One result is that the Chinese duck is a good, strong swimmer, and that is a fortunate circumstance for the poultryman when it comes time to go to market.

He does not live on a railroad. If he did, he would not be likely to use it, for to him it is a newfangled device for the spread of evil. He knows, too, a more economical method than putting his ducks in crates and paying freight on one of the river boats. Time does not mean much to him, and he can afford to spend a few days, if necessary, in going to market.

When he picks out the ducks he means to sell, the Chinese farmer ties the leg of one to that of another with a stout cord and continues the process until the whole lot is bound together. Sometimes there are hundreds thus fastened in one flock.

It is not easy to make such a flock swim together or follow the direction desired. The farmer takes his boat and starts to drive them, sculling behind or drifting on the current and beating the water with long bamboo poles to make them swim along and go the right way. If the farmer has a large family and two or three boats, so that his sons can help, he can usually manage to get his ducks to market without outside aid, but if he is not so fortunate he will join with other duck raisers and herd the flocks in combination.

Thus it not infrequently happens that thousands of ducks will be swimming along down the Yangtze, apparently in one flock, with a dozen or more sampans drifting behind them, filled with men, women and boys, thrashing the water with bamboos to hurry on the ducks.

It is hard enough to make a flock of hungry, foolish ducks swim on about their business when there is plenty of room and no interference, but that seldom happens on a Chinese river. Usually these streams swarm with clumsy, unwieldy junk, and on the Yangtze there is a great deal of steamer traffic.

The friendly junkmen will almost always help the duck herders to keep the flocks clear of the boats by beating the water with bamboos, but steamers have neither time nor inclination for such bother, and so it sometimes happens that a flock is cut in two by a steamer. Then there is a great deal of trouble and excited talk before the flock can be reunited and get peacefully on its way again.

Sometimes also it happens that ducks of one flock get mixed up with those of another, and then there is a dreadful tangle and snarl. But the patient Chinese get them separated into the proper flocks again at last, and all go cheerfully together to market.—Youth's Companion.

One Way.

Hicks—He'll never succeed in life—never made a living, in fact. Wicks—Why do you think that? Hicks—Oh, every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it. Wicks—Well, that's one way at least of making both ends meet.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Saved Trouble.

Daley—Why, Rose, dear, what have you done to your poodle? The last time I saw him his hair was white. Rose—Yes, but it was such a nuisance to keep him washed, you know, so I just had him dyed brown!—Detroit Free Press.

PREACHER SENT TO PRISON FOUR YEARS

J. F. Cordova, Deposed Methodist Minister, Gets Sentence.

TOOK SENTENCE VERY COOLLY

He Got One Year for Abandoning His Wife—Judgment Will be Stayed Until a Writ Has Been Argued—Will Fight to Keep From Prison.

New Brunswick, N. J., March 18.—J. F. Cordova, the deposed Methodist minister, was sentenced this morning to four years in the State prison. He got one year for abandoning his wife and three years for assaulting her. Miss Brown, with whom he twice eloped, was not in court. Her father and brother were. Cordova took the sentence without a tremor. His counsel immediately filed a writ of error, which stays judgment until the writ is argued.

His attorneys will put up a hard fight to keep their client from going to the State prison.

THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

So Is a Genius at Hiding Nuts and Finding Them Again.

"One of the most familiar sounds of the summer woods is the rattling bark of the red squirrel," writes an observer. "The tones of his voice are varied, and there is a great difference between his angry bark, his cry of fear, the chattering monologue with which he addresses an intruder on his domain, the rattling fire of repartee which is the constant accompaniment of the antics of a pair at play and the long rattling roll call which he utters apparently from sheer enjoyment of the sound or as a challenge to some unseen enemy of his own tribe and which reverberates through the woods often with sufficient force to carry the sound for as much as half to three-quarters of a mile. If we listen for an instant when we hear one of these challenges sent forth we may hear it answered from some distant point so faintly that we cannot be certain that it is not an echo. Some other male has heard the challenge and, detecting the self-satisfied note in it, has answered, and we may be fairly certain that they are hastening toward each other, each with the intention of annihilating his foe or at least teaching him a lesson.

"Gray squirrels, unlike most of the rodents, do not hibernate in the winter time, but are abroad and very active during most of the season. Their nests are then in hollow trees, but they usually leave these retreats in March and build arier and less vermin infested abodes in the tree tops of leaves and twigs. If you can watch a gray squirrel gathering nuts in the fall you will see him take a nut in his cheek pouch and hop along the ground, testing it every few yards with his front feet. When he has found a spot entirely to his liking he will scoop out a shallow hole and, placing the nut in it, will cover it up with the loose earth. This he will stamp down and restore to its former condition by scraping the loose leaves and small stones over it.

"This performance he repeats again and again in that and other localities until he has hidden away in this manner a large quantity of nuts, one squirrel often burying several hundred. In the winter, as he needs them, he unearth these nuts, and it is wonderful how unerringly he can go to his various caches, even though, as frequently happens, they may all be covered with a foot or more of snow."

An Elusive Statement.

The new reporter in his story of the wedding, says the Baltimore American, wrote, "The floral display stretched from the channel rail to the doors of the church."

The city editor in a mild manner, as is the custom of city editors with new reporters, said:

"Couldn't you have used a better word than 'stretched'? Say the floral display 'nodded' or 'twined' or something like that—some word more suggestive of flowers."

"Stretched" is all right in this case," replied the new reporter, with the stubborn courage of a realist. "The decorations consisted of six rubber plants, and they had to stretch to cover the distance."